

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What saies Monsieur Remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: lacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: He will giue the diuell his due.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Else he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purfes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stufte your Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? Is Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduerture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe: for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Allhallown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harney*, *Rossill*, and *Gads-hill*, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduerture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner achieued, but wee'l set vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and firah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poy. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes, that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the iest.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold the vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse: Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne, Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes To smother vp his Beauty from the world, That when he please againe to be himselfe, Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at, By breaking through the foule and vgly mists Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him. If all the yeare were playing holiadaies, To sport, would be as tedious as to worke; But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I neuer promised; By how much better then my word I am, By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes, And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground: My reformation glittering o're my fault, Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, Then that which hath no soyle to set it off. Ile so offend, to make offence a skill, Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to stirre at these indignities, And you haue found me; for accordingly, You tread vpon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore lost that Title of respect, Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues

The scourge of greatnesse to be vied on it,

And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands

Haue holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And Maiestie might neuer yet endure

The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,

You haue good leaue to leaue vs, When we need

Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.

You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded, which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmesdun* tooke, Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied: As was deliuered to your Maiesty: And I am not As was deliuered to your Maiesty: And I am not Who either through enuy, or misprision, Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne, Who My Liege, did deny no Prisoners, But, I remember when the fight was done, When I was dry with Rage, and extreme Toyle, Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword, Came there a certaine Lord, and his Chin new reapt, Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt, Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home: He was perfum'd like a Milliner, And twist his Finger and his Thumbe, he held A Pooner, box: which euer and anon He gaue his Nose, and tooke it away againe: Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd: And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by, He call'd them vntaught Knaves, Vnmannerly, To bring a shewenly vnhandsome Coarse Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility: With many Holiday and Lady teame, He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe, I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold, (To be so perswaded with a Ropingay) Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience, Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what, He should, or should not: For he made me mad, To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet, And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman, Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God haue the marke; And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth Was Parnacety, for an inward bruisse: And that it was great pittie, so it was, That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth, Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd: So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes, He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier. This bold, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord) Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.) And I beseech you, let not this report Come current for an Accusation, Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,

What euer *Harry Percy* then had said, To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,

May reasonably dye, and neuer rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach,

What then he said, so he vnlay it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,

But with Prouiso and Exception,

That we at our owne charge, shall ransom straight

His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer,

Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betray'd

The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,

Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*,

Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March

Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then

Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?

Shall we buy Treason, and indent with Feares,

When they haue lost and forfeited themselves?

No: on the barre For I shall neuer Whose tongue th To ransom home Hot. Revoltes He neuer did fall But by the chance Needs no more but Those mouthed V When on the gen In single Opposit He did confound In changing hardi Three times they b Vpon agreement, Who then affigh Ran fearefully am And hid his crisp Blood-stained wit Neuer did base a Colour her worki Nor neuer could d Receiue so many, Then let him not b King. Thou do He neuer did enco I tell thee, he durst As Owen Glendower Art thou not alha Let me not heare y Send me your Pri Or you shall heare As will displease y We License your c Send vs your Pri Hot. And if the I will not send the And tell him so: f Although it be wi Nor. What? dru Heere comes you Hot. Speake o Yes, I will speake Want mercy, if I In his behalfe, Ile And shed my dea But I will life the As high it's Ayre As this Ingrate an Nor. Brother, Wor. Who stro Hot. He will (And when I vrg'd Of my Wiues Bro And on my face h Trembling even a Wor. I cannot By Richard that d Nor. He was: And then it was, (Whose wrongs Vpon his Irish E From whence he To be depos'd, a Wor. And for wh Liue scandaliz'd,